

## BURRITO

My brother and I delivered flowers  
for my father for years.  
We drove all over L.A.  
from Long Beach to Gardena  
to Pico Riverato Whittier  
Hollywood to Central L.A.  
And we never had time to  
stop and eat anything  
but burritos that we could  
grab and take with us  
down the road.  
So we gained a facility for  
picking burrito stands that  
were good on sight.  
They usually had a sign  
painted green and red and yellow  
that had been done by a novice.  
And they usually had a couple of  
people standing around, Mexicans  
and maybe a couple of Blacks.  
When we got closer  
there was always that menu  
that was in Spanish  
that reassured us that  
this was a good place  
for a red chile or green chile  
burrito that we could take  
to fill us and drip in our laps  
as we took the flowers to funeral  
parlor, hospital, birthday girl,  
or lover.  
We with our full stomachs.  
They with their sadness, recuperation,  
happiness, or love pangs.